SAWDUST

Vol. III October, 1943 No. 10

A number of reasons why!

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The Stammering Wife

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
I would always endeavor to please her.
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word except "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

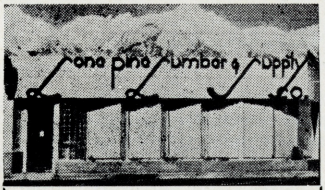
But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say, if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—you're a dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,
And hinted we ought to be wiser.
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work.
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cuss—cuss—cuss—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that madame was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl that I am—
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

—John Godfrey Saxe.



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

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CHALFANT PRESS
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BUSINESS ODIUM . . .

Where would we be in World War II were it not for Big Business? The stepchild of the New Deal has amazingly withstood the shocks of ten years ago, and months ago converted to a war basis that should astound the world—the Axis included.

Yet, ten years ago, there were few who understood the fundamentals of the struggle between the New Deal and private industry. A struggle between the agitators and the politicians to get their hands upon the fruits of labor and for their own benefit soft-soap the workingman into destroying the manufacturer.

It is easy to be in favor of government ownership of something that belongs to someone else.

Even in today's realization of what was then going on, we don't hear anyone called a manufacturer—an honest word. The jugglers went to work and all manufacturers had to be called industrialists —with a bit of a sneer a large manufacturer was often referred to as "one of the most powerful industrialists." Remember?

Recently, the word-jugglers have gone a step further toward public ownership, meaning of course, politicians' ownership; so the latest thing is to term a manufacturer as "management."

A statesman thinks he belongs to the nation, but a politician thinks the nation belongs to him.

Big business also includes our mail-order houses. Pick up a Sears, Roebuck and Co. or Montgomery Ward catalog, and reflect upon the excitement that war-time book would create in Germany, Japan, Russia, and other foreign countries both friend and foe.

Regulations of rapacious governmental agencies now have both big and little businesses up against the wall. The orders have not as yet been given to fire. Invoices from our wholesalers printed several months ago, now bear rubber stamp addendas to the number of four in many instances. The following are some recent samples:

"It is warranted by the vendor that the goods covered by this invoice have been or will be produced without violation of the applicable provisions of the Federal Fair Labor Standards Act of administrative regulations on orders promulgated thereunder."

"This invoice will be revised if in violation of O. P. A. price schedule number 26 with amendments."

"This material furnished with the understanding that no portion of same will be used on project in violation of Construction Conservation Order No. L-41."

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Jubilation . . .

Administration leaders and Democratic party officials hailed the capture of the hitherto Republican House seat in the Second California Congressional District as approval by the voters of the conduct of the war under the national leadership. . . The Democrat won as a consequence of the split in the Republican vote between Mrs. Grace Jackson Englebright and State Senator Jesse Mayo.—N. Y. Times.

. . . Lamentation . . .

I should say the California Republicans bitched things up beautifully.—(_____), Washington, D. C.

. . . Retaliation

At all events, the Republicans already are talking about taking another cut at him next Fall. Both R. R. Henderson of Inyo County and State Senator Randolph Collier of Siskiyou County are being boomed as 1944 candidates when Engle's regular congressional term comes up.—Sacramento Bee.

Pollution

I think a couple of these jokes are filthy enough to tone up your formerly dirty magazine. She's lost her pep lately.—A. E. Twohy, L. A., Cal.

Softness

If there is such a thing as a soft peace, it is a poor thing. A soft peace would be one that would treat the Germans as one treats a criminal who has run amok: you don't insult him, you don't punish him, you don't ask him to repair what he has done, you just lock him up. Then you treat him like a normal person, you tell him he is a good boy, a Christian after all. You tell him that the sun shines so brightly and warmly and wouldn't he come out and join the boys and—of course—behave like a gentleman. He is well fed and rested by that time, he stands up, smiles and next thing you know he knocks out your front teeth and starts all over again.—News From Belgium.

Expectation

I hope to write a little something for your great religious monthly pretty soon.—Major George Palmer Putnam.

Whiskerfied

In between being born and dying, just think of all the fun he (Brigham Young) had—ex—raising all those whiskers.—Major Roy L. French.

Commendation

We appreciate the care you have taken even in small details. Taking this as an indication I am sure Lone Pine School District has an excellent clerk for its school board. At the present time all departments of our government, large and small, especially need efficient public officers.—McNeill Teachers' Agency, Berkeley, Cal.

SAWDUST hopes that the above excerpt from a letter to the clerk of the Lone Pine Elementary School Board will not result in McNeill's being hereafter boycotted by County Schools Supt. Cragen, who last May asserted the local board, among other things, "took no interest in school affairs." An entire new board of Cragen appointees took office Oct. 1st.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

In our more frivolous moods we sometimes believe that we would let the building materials business go by the boards if we had a fair chance to make a success of a nightly radio script.

We think that for down to earth human interest with plenty of pathos and belly laughs—but utterly devoid of romance—would be a continuity modelled after Jim Mills' Pool and Poker Emporium Deluxe.

Our proprietor, like Jim, would be a 70-years-old cherubic type of person as sensible as the late Will Rogers. An individual as unruffled as Jim, even though he has been unable to serve draught beer because he sent the motor to Art Stringer for repairs four years ago, and Art hasn't gotten around to it yet.

As may be found at Jim's our setting would have a clientele that consisted of the leading citizens, ladies, juveniles, and ne'er-do-wells.

Passing characters would perhaps include Alkali Ike in from the claims, dumping his pack on the billiard table for a snooze, until—

Or Malipai Pete, dead broke, but with a thirst that knew no bounds. We would pattern his part much after the hard-bitten geezer that ordered 4 bottles of beer from Jim's bar-man Cooney Lewis, and grasping them firmly in his hands stuck his jaw out and gritted: "I ain't goin' to pay for 'em, an' whadda'ya think o' that?" Cooney caressed him with a hay-maker and he awakened in the gutter minus the four bottles.

But the houseman that would be the central theme would be a septuagenarian much like Julius Mahrt. An apoplectic sort of Dutchman who often missed the canoe when being razzed. A houseman who had perpetual difficulty in upholding the dignity of his position—a guy who wouldn't wipe down a cobweb because he wasn't "no swamper." Nevertheless he would take endless pride in keeping two things polished: The splinterey bar top and the back-bar sign modestly asserting "Our beer contains vitamin P." A guy always cussing the boss—that is when the boss was out, and one in his mellower moods who would still affectionately term him "a good old cock."

The steadier trade would include a Delancey Street Jew such as Benny Rosenbach, patiently sitting at a card table by the hour, waiting for a "live one." Our radio character, too, would be somewhat of a mystery. His means of livelihood, his lonely existence on the desert far removed from others of his race, and so on.

In fact, our radio character, like Benny, would add the aesthetic touch to our continuity. An aesthete you know, is an authority on matters of taste. We think we could tone up his tastes to keep them from being censored on the air waves.

The atmosphere would include the click of billiard balls, the rattle of poker chips, the squawk of the house cat or one of her five kittens being stepped on, the dog fights, the honeyed words of the bar-fly, and the explosive sputterings of the houseman taking another set in pinochle.

Yes indeed, if we could but write, we have the material for a 15-minute nightly broadcast that should prove to be the Moon Mullins of the air waves.

Wallpaper

This month rounds out thirty years for capable Alice Tate as postmaster for Lone Pine. Her quiet, efficient and conscientious devotion to her job during all of those years is an epochal event that is certainly deserving of public recognition and commendation... Incidentally this month commenced the twentieth year of residence in Lone Pine for this writer... Worthwhile reading: "The White Market" in the Sept. 5th issue of THIS WEEK... Belated congratulations to Major George Palmer Putnam on the promotion to his Major-ity ...Life is an eternal struggle to keep one's earning capacity up to one's yearning capacity... The California Department of Employment now has a cash reserve of more than $400,000,000.00... Epic opening paragraph of an equally epic letter from a school patron to County Schools Supt. Dorothy Clora Lathrop Smith Cragen: "May I express my appreciation for your highly uninformative letter of September 20th and for the misconceptions that march unrestrained therein. It is, of course, always a pleasure to receive such misinformation, even from such a source as the County Superintendent of Schools"... The 20-page Pictorial Edition of the Manzanar FREE PRESS is a graphic tribute to the capacity and printing art of Lone Pine's Chalfant Press. Paper stock taking two pages per printing stacked more than 30 feet in height... Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ted Cook, the new owners of the Dow Hotel. They should, and deserve to, do well... Orchids also to that cheerful and talented individual noted for keeping her chin up, Genevieve Naffziger, in the opening of "Jenny's News Stand!" With her great good humor she refers to it as Jenny's Last Stand ... Jimmy-the-Red came home for lunch on his first day at school, grumbling that his teacher hadn't taught him to read... Distinguished visitors for the month included: Likeable Congressman-elect Clair Engle, M. G. McKinlay of W. P. Fuller & Co., former-employee handsome air-pilot Clark O'Connell, and also former-employee Chuck Harned... Speed the day when these former employees may again return to the fold... Jim Mills has driven his Pierce-Arrow five years without knowing what all the dash-board gadgets are for. The cigar lighter dropped out the other day, and now he knows what that is... October first got off to a normal start with four Main Street brawls but not a single plate glass window broken. We replaced three plates in September and have a carry over of five for October if and when the glass arrives... How about your liability insurance? A former Independence resident expended $21 for doctor and medical bills according to testimony in the Superior Court, but sued for damages in the modest amount of $25,000.00... They say an expert is an ordinary man a long way from home... Wonder why the Allies don't drop a few bombs on Berchestgaden?... If someone doesn't beat him to the draw, we'll wager that ultra-dramatic Hitler will make a passionate farewell radio address and then bump himself off while his listeners are tuned in ...WRA has paid off bills in as many days as it took months for the same thing in 1942... Wonder why the Treasury Dept. doesn't get hep and sell bonds on the installment plan or through monthly national lotteries?... Humorous sight: Two youngsters in front of the Bank of

America almost coming to blows arguing whether the local branch had cash on hand of $41,000,000.00 or $42,000,000.00...Los Angeles dailies gave the FBI full credit for capture of two-time killer Ray Antelope. FBI agents didn't arrive until a full hour after Antelope's capture by our own Sheriff Charlie Cline. FBI should take a course in psychology. If local law enforcement officers throughout the country were given due credit and even some that was not due, FBI would have whole-hearted cooperation where they now find it somewhat amiss...Sandy McDonald was recently run over by a beer truck, and for the first time the drinks were on him...Sign of the Times: "If you don't see what you want—don't ask for it!" (We ain't got it)...Rare item of merchandise still in stock: One H. C. Little pre-war automatic oil burning floor furnace...Congratulations to Lone Pine's own Josephine Owen in being drafted by New York's Columbia University to continue her excellent map making for its Inst. of Public Relations... Canine Skippy's eleven years are beginning to show. He now detours the habitat of a certain rarin'-to-fight and somewhat younger mongrel...With the prevailing Coca-Cola shortage, Weldon Bathrick recently added insult to injury, in parking on Main Street a truck and trailer with a 24-ton net load of the stuff enroute to Salt Lake City...The government is certainly going to make a big haul on pay-as-you-go income taxes. Employers are required to collect from summer-employed students, most of whom will not earn in excess of their $500 exemption. Such collections will be (?) refunded after next March 15th. But only on application on prescribed governmental forms. Obtaining blanks for refund of taxes is exceedingly difficult, and we speak from experience. What a windfall in unjust taxes will revert to the government!...Critical note: An Independence resident grumbling that at the present rate of expansion the offices of the County Supt. of Schools will eventually require all of the second floor of the court house...Situated across from the Junior-Senior High School as we are, our pool table has taken an awful beating since school started. With crossed fingers we note with pleasure that thus far the cloth has not been ripped. Someday we hope to be able to afford a building of ample proportions housing pool and billiard tables, bowling alleys, ping-pong tables, etc., for the exclusive use of the boys and girls of our community...Last month's Lions Club zone meeting in which the local group played host to Trona, Randsburg and Mojave was a grand event. The success of such banquets to an immeasurable degree is due to the lavishness of the meals served by the ladies of the Trinity Auxiliary...The high point of last month's Lions gathering was the interesting and sensible speech of WRA Project Director Ralph Merritt...If you missed the exhibits at the Manzanar Fair you were deprived of the display of tons of vegetables and produce attesting to the fertility of this desert land...The world is full of willing people. Some are willing to work; others are willing to let them... Bertie McCormick's Chicago Tribune certainly gets around. A 1½ ton truck and passenger car with 26 spare tires paused in Lone Pine enroute from Death Valley, both gaudily painted "Chicago Tribune Tire Test." The fuel is so-called gasogene, manufactured from charcoal, according to claims. The tour is to include every state in the Union—with the blessings of WPB, OPA and ODT. Ho hum...

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
October — 1928

Louis Skinner announced proposed construction of 75x125 concrete plunge at the warm springs on his 163-acre tract 3 miles north of Lone Pine...1700 feet of primary road was carved out of the side hill in the first 14 days of construction on the Lone Pine-Porterville road. The three shovel men were Guy Martin, W. V. Skinner and William Sunderland ...Lone Pine's first oiled street—Main, scheduled for completion December 17th...Ed J. Seymour, prominent hotel man and financier of Los Angeles began transformation of Eaton ranch south of Big Pine into a high class resort and recreation center...George Beban, famous comedian, fatally injured while horseback riding at the Eaton ranch...Lone Pine Union High School enrollment reached the all time high of 71 students...Benefit dance at Saint Anne's Hall for Keeler swimming pool...Honerlah & Sumner completed construction of modern residence in the Leete Addition for L. H. Rich...R. A. Sprouse of Portland, Oregon, arrived in town to select a site for a local link of the Sprouse-Reitz Company...Seth A. Moulton succeeded Nelson B. Clark as head of the Clark Chemical Company at Bartlett...G. W. Russell, general manager of the Sierra Salt Company was directing the repairs to the Saline Valley tram for early resumption of operations...Samuel P. Yandell of Independence, succumbed...Griffith Bros. leased their garage and service station (now Gilmore's) to Louis Bodle. Fred Klagge and Ben Boyd will operate the business for Mr. Bodle temporarily.

EDITOR-LEAVES-TOWN . . .

Strange as it may seem, it has been fifteen years since Tipton has had a mayor who smoked. Mayor North never smoked, ex-Mayor Calman doesn't smoke, and Mayor Chapman never smoked when living.—Tipton, Cal., Gazette.

And now . . . ?

Q. Which states produce the most peanuts?

A. North Carolina has the richest yield per ache.—New Britain, Conn., Herald.

Stomach or tooth?

Did Mrs. _____ plan the murder of the two women whose bodies were found in trunks a week before the crime was committed?—Bradentown, Fla., paper.

We doubt it!

Many students and local fans are planning to follow the team to the scene of the bottle.—Athens, Ga., paper.

Yep, they're students all right.

For Sale—a full-blooded cow, gives 3 gals. milk, 2 tons of hay, some chickens and a cookstove.—Montesan, Wash., paper.

Sounds too good to be true!

The Guild president announces that the final meeting of the year will be hell, as usual, at her home, Tuesday, at 3 p.m.—Florida paper.

Hot time...as usual!

The bride was gowned in white lace, the bridesmaids' gowns were punk.—New York paper.

Might as well be frank about it!

The candidate for Governor, 66 years old, was born on a farm in Columbia County, 58 years ago.—Orlando, Fla., paper.

It's a good trick if you can do it!

Seed for a Texan Tea-Party

Lieutenant Governor's Office
Austin, Texas
August 15, 1943

Honorable Prentiss Brown,
Director of O. P. A.,
Honorable Harold Ickes,
Secretary of the Interior,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

I address this letter jointly since you are jointly responsible for the capricious tyranny about which I protest.

The unwarranted cut of 25% in gas rationing for the great oil producing states of the Southwest, which you recently issued, is only another instance of bureaucratic bungling which has snarled and confused the war effort on the home front since our very entrance into war. In fact it appears to be nothing more nor less than a cheap political maneuver to appease certain of the politically powerful states on the Eastern seaboard. It is not in the interest of the war effort but is a specious and stupid gesture wrapped in the sacred folds of the American flag to make it acceptable to a great and patriotic people.

Your claim that this cut is necessary because of a shortage of oil stocks is utterly without foundation. In fact you refute your own statements. Mr. Ickes admits that increased supplies are reaching the East. You further prove its falsity by your failure to include the Pacific states in the reduction area when those states produce less than half of the oil now being produced by Texas alone! You furnish additional and convincing proof of the fallacy of your flimsy pretext for this drastic action by your statement that the lifting of the ban on pleasure driving in the East is contemplated by September 1st. All in all your reasons for effecting the cut are about the most stupid, absurd, and untenable ever given by persons of pretended intelligence. It is evidently a most brilliant display of the super-intelligence of brain-bloated bureaucrats! It is really dazzling to see great war chiefs issue an order permitting an increase of pleasure driving in the East and at the same time reduce the gas ration of the farmer, rancher, and business man of the Southwest for their use in carrying on necessary business! It is inspiring and patriotic, no doubt, to give the New Yorker additional gas to drive up to Bar Harbor on a pleasure trip, and at the same time cut down the supply of the Texas farmer to till his field and market his crops! I presume this is illustrative of the superiority of bureaucratic brains as compared to the mediocre quality of the ordinary business man who serves his government for $1 per year, and about whom Mr. Ickes had many derogatory remarks to make recently!

The contention that this must be done to conserve war aviation fuel has no merit. One large oil firm with extensive refineries in Texas, produces according to reputable authority, more aviation gasoline than all the Axis combined. In the production of that 100-octane product, this company produces enormous quantities of ordinary gasoline—or at least it could unless forced to waste its facilities and resources by such inane edicts as frequently come forth from your brain laboratories, including this 25% gasoline ration reduction for the oil empire of the great South-

west.

If you insist that we in Texas have wasted gasoline I remind you that **almost half of the gasoline consumed in this state during the past two months was consumed by the Federal government, a considerable amount of which was burned in the cars of swarms of petty bureaucrats harrassing our people!**

Texans are perfectly willing to give up all their gasoline if it be necessary to win the war, but they are unwilling to have their efforts to produce food on their farms and ranches restricted and curtailed by the political whims of power-mad megalomaniacs who are apparently motivated by political considerations rather than by patriotic ones. Incidentally, it arouses some wonder why the Canadian has a larger gas ration than the American when a major portion of his gasoline comes from the United States.

It is a terrible thing to shake the peoples' confidence in their government, and such idiotic display of demoralizing power as you each are presently guilty of, do that very thing. You create confusion, destroy confidence, arouse doubt, and breed waste. This all hinders the war effort. It is a parallel on a far greater scale to the dumping of 37 car-loads of potatoes on the roadside by the WPB, and allowing to rot in the freight yards thousands of bushels of newly dug potatoes in the Texas city of Plainview. If you think this helps our morale, if you think this arouses our admiration of your wonderful bureaucracy you should talk to the people who witness these witless and wanton blunders.

If this is the type of intelligence directing our civilian war effort then God pity America. The heroism of her gallant fighters is being ill-repaid by the fatuous fumblings of confused and capricious crackpots who frantically and furiously confuse the homefront and demoralize their earnest efforts to aid in achieving victory.

Very truly yours,
JOHN LEE SMITH,
Lt. Governor.

JLS:KB

—SD—

Behind the Bandsaw—

The man applied for a job as a butler and Lady Gotrich was very painstaking in her examination of the applicant. "We dress for dinner," she explained, "and we require our butler to wear breeches and stockings. That I may be sure that you would look well in breeches, will you show me the calf of your leg?" The applicant readily complied and the lady expressed approval. "I think you will do," she said. "Now may I see your testimonials?"

Telling about it later the would-be butler said, "You know, I think that if I had a little better education I would have landed that job."

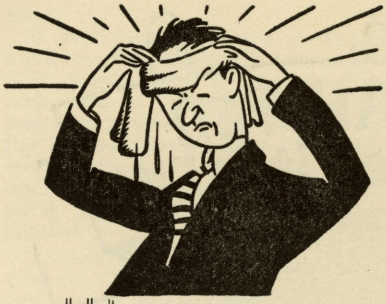
—SD—

When God gave out brains, I thought
He said trains,
And I missed mine!
When He gave out looks, I thought
He said books,
And I didn't want any!
And when he gave out noses, I thought
He said roses,
And I ordered a big one!
When he gave out legs, I thought
He said kegs,
And I ordered two fat ones!
When He gave out ears, I thought
He said beers,
So, I ordered two long ones!
When He gave out chins, I thought
He said gins,
So I said "Give me a double!"
God, am I a mess.

A *well-painted* home will withstand the ravages of time and weather almost indefinitely. But don't forget that a *well*-painted home is *not* one painted with low-quality paint. It is one painted with *good* paint. For exterior painting, insist on Fuller Pure Prepared Paint—the finest all-purpose "house" paint made. *It lasts.* For *all* your paint needs, see a Fuller Paint Dealer.

FULLER PAINTS

They last



Picture of a man who thought he was well insured—BUT WASN'T!

Yes, he had a headache—and deserves it! If he had used the old bean better before he went down cellar with a candle looking for a gas leak he wouldn't be trying now to figure where he can get the cash to replace the half of his house which the explosion blew out. The other half, meantime, isn't much use to him.

We had previously told him, too, that fire insurance is not enough—that there are several probable causes of damage around a house—and that insurance against all of them can be had at an amazingly low rate—all tied up in one neat little bundle which can be wrapped up in your fire insurance policy.

Let us tell you about "Extended Coverage"—and ask us about it before you have a headache from an unprotected loss.

INSURANCE

"For Everything Insurable"

Rudie Henderson ◆ Edward Wm. Hjeltness